PLASTER FELL WHEN SULLIVAN FAMILY SNEEZED

E'VE just been plastered. The wife was bound and determined, had her mind set on it, and when Ella gets her bean working on a notion the notion has got no more chance of not coming true than Christmas has of coming on Ash Wednesday.

Well, I'll say Elia was right. She ain't right often—anyway not when she disagrees with me—but on the proposition of getting plastered she had the dope cinched like the fellow that played Man o' War for a place. Even her mother admitted we needed plastering, and that was the first time she and me agreed since the night Pansy Olivia was born and we both agreed she was a girl

The only thing that made the old lady agree about the plastering was the accident to Aunt Lizzie Pflamm the time she came down from Gloversville to spend a week and take in the Hippodrome and Riverside Drive on a bus. You see, Aunt Lizzie has a sock-ful salted away in a bank up in Gloversville. She was a forelady in a glove factory up incre from the time old man Glover started the town until she got well along in her eighties and figured she might as well start en-

What with bonuses and pensions and stock and saving her dough, she not having no husband to support, she raked in enough ducats to made Bradstreet rate her 'way up with the bootleggers and bankers. the time she first heard about Pansy Olivia she always said that if she lived 'til Pansy got her growth she would send her to a choice of three colleges, to wit., Vassar, Ober-lin or the I. C. S.

This took quite a load off Ella's and my

This took quite a load of Elias and my mind, even though Aunt Lizzle kept saying that Pansy wouldn't get a Buffalo nickel if she ever bobbed her hair, used paint and powder or wore skirts up above her instep. I don't mean Aunt Lizzie wanted Pansy not to wear any skirts at all above her instep;

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

the world. He is gripping a big fat volume

that must be the most diverting book ever

written. He couldn't be more enthralled if

he were reading one of our articles, or his

grandfather's will bequeathing him a yacht

and a private island in the South Sea group. Look at that man read, will you! It is a

pleasure to watch him. What is he reading,

anyhow? We must edge over and take a look. Ha! We see a picture. But the angle

is bad and we can't make out the picture. We shall have to look over his shoulder.

There, that is better. Yes, much better! It is a picture of a whale. The man, it seems, is reading a book on whale hunting—or does

one fish for whales? It would require pretty large worms for bait, it seems to us.

But that is beside the point. What we are

trying to say is that the man with the book has given us an idea. If one can have so

mination to hunt up a whale somewhere and spend the afternoon with him. There ought to be a whale of a story in that. But where can one find a whale? As if we don't know! In the Aquarium, of course. There must be

one there. So we gather up our belongings and make for the nearest subway station.

Well, here we are at the Aquarium. There

are a number of benches ranged around the circular building and every sear is occupied.

What are these men doing out here when there are whales to be seen inside? Have

The place looks the same as it

years ago. We wonder if on that childhood

"Shush! you silly boy!" she shushes. "The

"Then buy me a turtle or a lizard," is

"Popper will catch you a fish sometime,"

We hope that won't fool the kid. Even if

alive. And what fun can a feller have try-ing to make a dead fish swlm in the bath-

The kid is unconvinced. He doesn't say so

in so many words but his plaintive cry of "Mommer, buy me a fish!"—(what a joyous

refrain for a ballad!) -- continues. Mommer solves the problem by promising to buy him

a fish some other time. It takes a lot of

money, she explains, and she'll have to go home for it. If we had the nerve we'd offer

need it; he'll get whaled when he gets home.

Well, having seen a kid blubber, we shall

proceed to see whale blubber. Here's a uniformed attendant, "Where are the whales?" we are about to ask him when it occurs to

as that anyone ought to be able to find,

Where are the whales? That looks like

without assistance, as big a fish as a whale-

or is it an animal?

us more every day

what he will say in reply if he is resourceful. But no. He sticks to his cry of "Mom-mer, buy me a fish!"

did when we visited is as a kid

they no imagination?

fish are not for sale."

CRE we are in the reading room of the

Forty-second street library. To our

right is the most fascinated reader in

Usual Idea of Chaos Seemed Mild When Household Faced Improvements of Home Forced of an accordion.

Pansy said the fellow's name wasn't Ban at all, but Pan, and he played a cornet instead of an accordion. From Landlord After a Successful Plot-Pansy Olivia's Future Wrecked When Aunt Lizzie Pflamm's Brown Alpaca Was Ruined by Splashing Soup-Botticelli's Art a Mad Riot

the wife and me wouldn't of stood for that, they get money. Suspicious of everybody, we would be raised \$200 a year from \$1,200, of course. What I mean is that the bottom Think everybody is plotting and scheming Ella always does the talking to Pincus

The old lady used to worry more about our troubles than we did ourselves, so naturally it took a load off of her mind too.

ter, or else you could make a joke and say the plaster came down as well as Aunt Lizzie. We were just setting down to a nice supper of frankfurts and sauerkraut, Aunt Lizzie's favorite dessert, when the kid sneezed. told her time and time again she shouldn't do that, ever since the night I coughed and jarred a couple of feet of ceiling loose. You know how kids are, though; they always pick the wrong time to do things-say swear words before the minister and things like

Well, sir, no sooner did Pansy sneeze than bet half the ceiling came down on Aunt dzzie. It wasn't the seven stitches they had to take in her bean that she minded, but the darn plaster fell in her soup and splashed it all over her brown alpaca, and Aunt Lizzie thought more of that brown alpaca than she did of her scalp, and when she came to and saw the soup—and it happened to be one of Ella's particularly oily soups—all over her front, she set up one yowl and passed

to get it. She said we fixed it so the plaster would fall. Well, afterward when I got to thinking about it and decided that it was a pretty rough crack to make, I told Ella I was sorry I didn't think in time and give Aunt Lizzie a real wallop with a piece of the plas-ter while she was cuckoo, and then maybe we would have got the dough, without any

strings being tied on Pansy's hair, or skirts.

So she went home and Pansy started a hullabaloo because she'd set her heart on going to the I. C. S.

That was how Ella's mother and me came

agree about the plastering being needed. Well, the dining room looked like a cross between Uncle Tom's Cabin and the Wreck of the Phosphorus. Every time the woman upstairs ran the carpat sweeper over the floor we had to run and hide beneath the table. We lost quite a lot of time that way, too, because the dame upstairs was neat as a pin. The piece that fell on Aunt Lizzie started the rest of the ceiling going, or coming, and you never could tell when you were

going to get beaned with a lump of plaster. So along about the middle of September Pincus, the landlord, came in with a new lease in one hand and a smile in the other—I mean on his map. He explained about the high cost of labor, coal, janitors, elevator men, electricity, gas, tutti frutti ice cream and misses' and children's fall suitings, and then told us that owing to all these thing;

Ella always does the talking to Pin Ella always does the talking to anylody.

"That's an awful rent, Mr. Pincus. Then Pincus explained about the coal, tutti frutti ice cream, &c., all over

Then Ella and Pincus went to the mat and battled for an hour or so. I give Pincus credit. He didn't blow up as soon as I

would of. But he finally did.
"Vell," he said, "all I got to say is, if

you don't like it, phooey!".

And he made a phooey motion with his hands, which I judged meant we could pay

Well, you needn't get sore," Ella harps; "all I asked you was would you do the apart-ment over for us."

Gives Family the High Sign When Landlord Is in Room

Pincus started in again on the coal. Ella grabbed him by the arm and pulled him down the hall. On the way she winked at me and said "Bronchitis!" Then she winked at said "Bronchitis!" Then she winked at l'ansy and said "Hay fever!" Pansy and me weren't born yesterday. We didn't muff anything. Ella dragged Pincus into the dining room, otherwise known as the Chamber of Horrors.

"Now looka here, Mr. Pincus. Gaze on that!" she said and she shoved him beneath

loose section of plaster.
"Go ahead," she said to me and Pansy.

coughed and Pansy sneezed. When Pincus came to we told him he was darn lucky a stranger wasn't beneath that plaster or he'd have had a nice lawsuit on his hands. The blow had Pincus a little daffy for a while and we figured it was a good idea to get all we could out of him while he was that way. So we made him sign an agreement to plaster the Chamber of Horrors, paper and paint all the other rooms, do the floors, put in a new sink and fix the bathtub, which was cracked like the

We told him he was signing a release to keep him from suing himself for damages sustained by falling plaster. I told Ella that while we had him we ought to get him to agreement to send Pansy to college, seeing that we had muffed a chance like that when Aunt Lizzie was knocked out, but Ella was afraid the shock of a paper like that might bring Pincus to, and she wanted him stay under the effects of the plaster for a day or two.

Of course Pincus couldn't go back on his signature in black and white, and we had it. He was a better loser than I thought he'd be. But he had a heck of a time explaining to the other folks in the house how he came to be doing all the repairing for us. There was quite a lot of talk.

"Well, dearie," Ella says on the first

of October, as I started for work, prob'ly won't know the old place you come home to-night. Don't get likkered up now, and don't get in any accidents. I you to see the improvements before anything happens to you. The workmen'll be here any minute."

Did Not Stop at Luke's That Night as He Usually Did

That night I came home ahead of time, not stopping at Luke's as was my wont. But nothing was changed. Only Ella looked as if e'd swallowed something by mistake.
"Where's the new paper?" I asks her.

Ella only gave me a dirty look.
"Well." I says, "I didn't do it, whatever it is. You don't have to look at me like that."

"You said it, you didn't do it," Ella came ack. "That's just exactly what."
"What's what?" I says.
"The furniture." Ella says. "You didn't

move it. You might of known the workmen wasn't going to."
"I didn't know no sucha thing," I comes back at her, "Why didn't you say some-

"I been _aying something to you ever since

ing. They came and the furniture wasn't moved out of the room, and they went away. Said they didn't move.'

"What's the idea?" I says, "Were they crippled or something?"
"No." Ella says, "but it ain't their business to move things, they said."

Pansy, who was sitting in the sink doing her algebra, butted in here. "The poor simps would have a fat chance

This quaint little sally from our pride and joy sort of cleared up the atmosphere, and Ella and me laughed.

"Well." I say anthing about him." crabbed run around after the Greek flappers playing an accordion." checker game, wouldn't they, Pa?" "I his quaint little sally from our pride Ella.

"Well," I says, "lets get to work, then.

of the waste baskets and chairs."

Pretty soon we had all the furniture from

the Chamber of Horrors piled up in the kitchen and the maid's room, the latter being a flossy monniker Ella tacked onto a clothes closet to show off before her friends We never had a maid.

Went to Get a Drink of Water And Ruined the Family Library

Everything went all right considering, except when I went to get a drink of water and turned on the faucet in the dark, forgetting that Ella had piled all six of the books in our library in the sink. don't read much anyhow, as I told Ella, so it didn't matter if they were wet or dry. But Ella says it wasn't so much that, but she knew the covers would run, and they'd look terrible in the bookcase.

Well, next morning everything was set for the cripples. But I wasn't too sure that anything would be done when I got home. But

was wrong. They had the walls all scraped in fine shape and the scraped paper piled on the piano and on the beds. And the Chamber of

Horrors was plastered!
"To-morrow," Ella said, quite excited,
"Botticelli will do the chamber."

"What?" I says.
"Bottleelli," says Ella.
"I give up.." I says. "What's the answer?"
"It's a man," Ella says; "one of the paint-

"Is that his name?" I asked her.

She said it was.
"Well," I says, "it sounds to me like a soup or something you play on."

"It wouldn't if you knew anything," she snapped. "He's named for a great painter, a great French painter."

"If they wanted to name him after a painter." I came back, "why didn't they name

him after one people could pronounce? Like Thos. Cusack or O. J. Gude or Sherwin Will-"It's all right, Pa," Pansy says here. "His

last name's Murphy."
"He's a young art student," Ella said. "He says he's going to have a career but he's

short of cash and has to work as a paperhanger or a painter every once in a while to make enough money to pay for his art."
"In that case, why don't he try plumbing?" I says; "but then I suppose he wants to keep

up on his painting. Is his last name really Murphy?

Ella said it was.

"Then," I says, sternly, "how come you call him Bo—Bott— how come you call him by his first name?"

"He likes every one to." Ella explained.
"It's more artistic, he says. He even wants
the other paperhangers to call him Botti-

"But they don't, Pa," Pansy puts it: "they call him Bott for short."
"Anyway he's got swell ideas," says Ella. "and he's going to make this house look like

"I know the answer to that one," I says,
"What are you talking about?" asks the

"What the house is going to look like," I

came back.
"Don't show your coarseness before your Used His Cocktail Material

child." Ella snapped.
"I know what you mean, Pa," puts in Pansy here, "hell!"

Going out next morning. I says to Ella:

"You let Bott try out his swell ideas some-place else and stick to straight painting and paperhanging here. We have to live in this place; he don't."

No use talking to a woman, especially

if she married you. I got home that night and the Chamber of Horrors was a sight. The ceiling was all smudged and the walls oked like enlargements of some of Pansy's drawings she made before she went to kindergarten.
"Did Bott run amuck?" I asked Ella

"Run amuck? No. Why should he?"

it's drier.' "What do the walls represent?" I man-

aged to ask. "That's a Revel in the Garden of Ban,"

Ella said, reciting it as if she had learned it by heart. Which one is Johnson?" I says.

What are you talking about? Ella says. "Ban Johnson. Didn't you say this represented his garden?"

"I didn't say anthing about him," crabbed Well, it turned out finally that Ella didn't

But that didn't make the Chamber of Horrors look any better. It was a real Chamber of Horrors now. Streaks of all colors of paint every which way, chasing each other across the walls. No system, no head or tail to it at all. Looked like an Easter egg. Ella said Bott told her it was Post Impres

Bott had done the bathroom, too. He said this represented "Nude Entering a Bath-tub." He said the subject was appropriate. I couldn't see as it was any different from the Rebel in Ban's Garden; it just looked to me like the colors had ran on a checker

But we did have the Chamber of Horrors plastered, even if the new ceiling did repre-sent the sky. It couldn't fall, anyhow, and we needn't worry any more about eating our meals beneath instead of on the table.

"Get the stuff out of your room to-night," Ella said, "and move it into Pansy's room to be ready for Botticelli to-morrow morning."

I got up on my high horse. "Is my room going to represent anything?" I asked, quiet enough.

"I guess he's going to do something about animals," says Ella. "He said something about the Nine Mooses, two on a wall and the extra one in the clothes closet."

Objected to the Nine Muses

And Insisted on Wallpaper Well, we battled an hour or so before we

finally found out that Ella was wrong again, as usual. Pansy said Bott meant a family of Greek janes by the name of the Nine

"Are they going to be nude?" I says.
"What difference does it make to you if they are or not?" barked Ella, "you're a married man, ain't you?"
"Yes," I said. "Thanks to your mother, I

am. But my room is going to be papered with paper."

Every once in a while I have to put my foot down hard and show Ella who's who in

our flat.

Pansy sided with me. "Good work, Pa," she says, "can't you do

something about my room? He's going to do the Life and Times of Catherine the Great Well, I couldn't figure any objection to

that. Pansy ought to know her history and if the simp would of only painted Kitty's times so that the child could get an idea of life in those days, I wouldn't of minded. But I knew he'd just slap a lot of paint on the wall and call it the first thing he put his finger on blindfolded. I didn't say anything Bott wouldn't touch my room. I imagine

he figured me out for a low brow. One of the regular paperhangers papered my room, and done well except that he put the paper on upside down and had the roses all grow-ing south instead of north, as they usually

They fussed around the flat for a week, and I got pretty tired of coming home nights and moving things from one room to another. One night the last straw came. I got home "They done the floors to-day," Ella said "don't they look nice?"

"Hm." I said, sniffing the air Something smelled familiar to me. I turned to Ella.

"What did they use on them?" I says.
"Shellac," Ella says. "What did you think
they used on floors, cologne?"

"Where'd they get the shellac?" I says, looking at Ella sternly.

"They had some," she says. "And when they went short they used some they found in your clothes closet."

To Varnish the Flat's Floors

"I knew it," I yowled. "They've gone and used the shellac I was saving for cocktails." "Oh, for heaven's sake, shut up," Ella holred. "You can get more, can't you?"
But that wasn't all. They had also gone

and used a gallon and a half of my home brew to varnish the floors with. Now that it's all over with and I'm calm, the floors do look good, but believe me, I was hot at the time about it.

Next day I stayed home and waited for Bott and his cripples. They didn't work at

our house that day, nor any day since. After they had went I went into the dining room and started to tell Ella what I thought of "The ceiling. It's all smudged."

her. We got to making a lot of noise and stamping around quite a bit. All of a sudden apposed to be the sky. It'll look swell when there was a cracking noise. We knew it of her. We got to making a lot of noise and stamping around quite a bit. All of a sudden

"Under the table!" we both yelled instinctively. We just got there in time. The ceiling

came down in one piece. There wasn't enough left of Bott's Rebel in Ban's Garden when we crawled out and blew the lime dust out of our eyes to shake a stick at.

Well, to make a long story short, I'm doing the place over by myself. I'm doing it nights after work, and I'm doing it right. Filla is in a sanitarium for a while and Pansy has gone up with Aunt Lizzie Pflamm, who thought it over and decided we

Fervid Oratory Gets Praise from Dan

AST night we received instructions orders we have learned to obey, to upon it. open a can of corn.

We were more than repaid for our physical Of course a great deal of native intel-

ligence is required to open successfully a can of corn. The next thing to do after securing a firm grip on the can opener is to thoroughly digest what is written on the label. One can obtain a vast amount of valuable information from the labels on cans. As an instance here is what was on the label of the can of corn we opened last night:

This corn is golden. The golden sunshine got into it and changed its kernels into smiles that are as sweet as honey. Talk about sugar corn-this is it with the morning dews and sunshine added-There is more than sweetness to it. The south wind has come to it, bringing the fragrance of flowers, the melodies of the hirds and the benediction of the blue skiek.

Brother of the Canned Corn, we salute you. You have made us homesick. We have been hearing that kind of talk since the days of our youth. We hall from a section where oratory is held in such high esteem that

some of our best citizens are said to be plauded for its eloquence Mr. Farrell's dis-unable to adequately bid each other good comfiture increased. He felt that he had morning unless they are standing behind a failed to rise to the occasion. from one of these new voters, whose table with a pitcher of water and a glass

RATORY is a great gift. It has the power to change overnight ture of a man who yields to its spell, Here is a story that illustrates the point. It tells of the making of an orator: years ago our old friend Daniel A. Farrell, who lives down in Atlanta, attended a meeting of the Master Plumbers Association. Now, he had always been merely a business man and had never attempted anything in the speechmaking line.

The consequence was that when he found himself at the banquet of the association in Cleveland he was very much disconcerted to learn that a representative from every State ald be required to respond when the name of his State was called. He was a resi of Birmingham at the time, and as Alabama is the first name alphabetically on the list States Dan had to make the first speech. He was the only representative from Ala-

He arose to the occasion and said about

"Mr. Toastmaster, I am very glad to be with you to-night. I have enjoyed the convention, and-and-and I thank you."

Before the next convention he had moved

to Atlanta, and knowing that he was going to attend he began work on his speech about six months in advance of the meeting.

The same procedure was gone through with at the banquet. About the same men were present. Finally the toastmaster said: 'Georgia, the Empire State of the South-Mr. Daniel A. Farrell."

Everybody remembered and grinned.

Mr. Farrell arose. He calmly and delib-rately surveyed his audience, leaned with his left arm on the back of his chair, and waved his right hand in the direction of the Toastmaster. Here is the way he started:

"Mr. Toastmaster, I love Georgia. Her fields are more fertile than the Valley of the Nile, her mountains grander than the sol-emnity of the Alps; her sons are braver than the legionaires of imperial Caesar, and her daughters are fairer than Helen of

There was a lot more to it, and Dan warmed up to his subject as he went along and spoke right well of Georgia before he finished, but that was the way he started. When he finished, he paused before resuming his seat, and calmly said, "Now let

scoundrel laugh." Well ever since then Dan Farrell has been known as an orator, and he is always called upon. He went to the meeting as a plain spoken business man. He returned to

He sat down, amid the grins of the representatives from other States. Then the oratory started, and as each speech was ap-Georgia as a public speaker.

we are afraid not If they were just hatched there'd be bits of shell in the wate. and besides-and this, of course clinches the thing—there is a sign saying they are seals. Seals, you will recall, are the things sealing-There are useful eqough creatures but we are looking for whales. man to our right wants to know

whether a seal is a fish or an animal. He addresses his appeal to a learned looking fellow who decides, after a moment's deliberation, that it is best to call a seal a mam-mal and let it go at that. One might also

of Pansy's instep— no, the top of her skirt— oh shucks, she wanted Pansy to wear long skirts, that's what she wanted.

Then Aunt Lizzle came down and the plaster fell on her. It isn't no laughing mat-

out for another half hour.

Well, you know how women are when

Ramblin' 'Round lways safe. But mammals will do. It is a pleasant enough word.

Gosh, look at that frisky seal leap! He

must be healthy to do that. What wonderful mammalade he'd make: And still no whales. We must be looking in the wrong sector. Well, we'll try the fish department. A whale is probably a fish; that must be it. The fish are upstairs, we We wonder, by the way, how they climb the stairs. Still a fish could scale 'em.

Well, here we are in the fish department Look at that school of gold fish! That one over there with the little specks on his nose must be the teacher

If there is a lovelier sight than a gang of

we'd like to see it. But, gosh, we are wrong! These aren't goldfish after all. The sign says they are curassius auratus. But they look like gold-We'll bet the resemblance would fool

Here are the angel fish, otherwise called,

as we need hardly tell you, pomocanthus paru. These may be angel fish, but we think that flying fish, with their wings, are more entitled to the appellation. But this is needless frivolity. much fun reading about whales, what a lark it would be to see a real live one and write about him! Comes then and there the deter-HERE is an interesting conversation going between two calamus bajando.

or porgies, as they are scientifically 'Don't those spreckled trout in the next cage make you tired, Phil?" one of 'em is saying. "They're all puffed up because their signs reads 'the most beautiful trout in

'I'll say they make me tired, Lou," says Phil. "If I was them trout I wouldn't be so proud of my freckles. I'd make a bee line for the first drug store and get somethin' to re-You said it, Phil. They look troutlandish.

If I looked like that I'd go drown myself."
"Same here, Lou. Yet every one stands in
front of their first winder and admires 'em. If a calamus bajando ain't as good lookin' as a salvelinus fontenalis—I think that's the

visit we acted like that little boy over there to our left who is being led out by his mother. "Mommer!" he is crying, "buy me a fish?" Latin for trout—I'll eat my shirt."
"That's the way I feel about it, Phil. Yet a dozen guys haven't stopped to look at us week. If this keeps up I'm gonna move this aquarium. I want appreciation. And, besides, the housin' problem here is beand, besides, the nousin problem here is beginnin' to get serious. I hear a gang of chilisausa jazzarinos are movin' in next week. And then there's that crowd of billigoato chikkencroaketti comin' up from

Florida in a month. If they try to put 'em in here, there's gonna be a fight."
"Count on me, Lou. I've got a mean left -we question his ability to bring it home The last fish I hit went to the dry dock

> Song of the Neglected Aquarium Fish. Gimme a tumble! I'm as good as anybody

Lookit how nice I glide along and lookit how I steer.
And watch this dive! I didn't splash enough to fill a thimble

her the money. We'd love to see that kid get his fish. As long as she didn't buy our Show me a fish on land or sea that's anywhere as nimble! whale we wouldn't mind. The kid doesn't Stop lookin' at that gold fish! In a battle he's a quitter; Remember that a thing ain't gold because you

see is glitter! I've got as nice a Latin name as any fish

a-swimmin'

I come from decent people (though I have no Here we are in the center of the main pedigree), floor. What is that grunting we hear? The And though I ain't no beauty, there are sea lions. There are two of 'em. Why do they grunt? Lions, we thought, roured. And where are their manes? Nature puzhomlier than me

At fetchin' bottom I can give the eleverest a

I'm mannerly as any (I have very seldom cursed), .And never have I bit a fish unless he bit me a good-sized tank to our left. They must be in there. Let us investigate. No, these that wrote that song is surprising, to put it The ungrammatical phrasing of the fish

can't be whales. They are too small Can they be fledgling whales just hatched? No mildly. A fish that has travelled in a school all his life ought to know better. DUT this all beside the point. We are supposed to be looking for the whales. Where are they anyhow? It's 12 Maybe they're out to lunch. Still they'd leave a sign, "WILL RETURN IN AN HOUR," and se don't see any signs like that,

On with the search! Ho What is that pleasant purring we hear?
He Ha! the catfish! (or, as you are probably in the habit of calling them, the hexanematich-thys fells). Do they also "mec-ow?" We

mal and let it go at that. One might also call 'em creatures, it seems to us. That is one of the most useful of fish. It has been you'll find plenty of fins on the premises.

used with great success in exterminating A famous scientist will operate water rats. on a catfish one of these days with the idea of making it possible for this species to live out of water so that it can also be employed in homes to kill mice. If the experiment is a success a detailed account of

with charts and diagrams, will appear in this department. Still no whales. We are having a grand time in this most fascinating of all museums, but we are here for a definite purpose. Where are those whales? We know what We'll inquire about them in the

TERE we are in the office of Miss Ida gold fish with the sunlight playing on 'em M. Mellen, secretary and scientific assistant of the Aquarium. She is one of the most interesting conversationalists we have ever met. If her talk on fish isn't interesting, we'd like to know what is. She is telling us, among other things, that for the frst time in ten years, the Aquarium has a triple-tall, or flasher fish. Miss Mellen, who has a sense of humor, is saying, "And how this flasher loves to pose! He seems to realize that he is the only one of his species that we have and he is forever posing where every one can see him. I don't think he'll be really satisfied until he is photographed. Let me show him to you." With

which we leave with Miss Mellen for a peep t the flasher.

Ha! here he is. And a beauty too. "And now," continues Miss Mellen, "I'll show you an even more important acquisi-

tion. It was brought in by a sea captain the other day. It is perhaps the rarest exhibit we have." Hooray! She is going to show us a chale. What but a whale rould be the "rarest exhibit?"

"Here it is," says Miss Mellen, pointing to a little glass bowl that a whale could never squeeze into. "It is what is known as a thread fish. It is even rarer than the

Another disappointment. Oh, well, we might Oh, well, we might as well look at the "I di thread fish. He is all huddled up in a heap back a and looks like anything at all. "It's hard to tell what he is in that position," observes
Miss Mellen, "I'll give him a gentle poke."
And she does, using a little stick. Whereto do no good. Anyway there's no use arguupon Mr. Thread Fish comes to life. "Some of the folks here," continues Miss Mellen, 'say its features resemble those of a kitten. Its expression seems more like that of rhinoceros to me." And strange to say, t And strange to say, the little six inch fish has that very expres

however, is nothing for a fish to brag . We hope the thread fish will remem-Miss Mellen is telling us with pride-and we don't blame her-that the attendance at the Aquarium is about 5,000 a day, or practically what it was before the war. She is also telling us of some of the amusing things that happen in the aquarium every day. But we could tell a better story than any she has told us. Ours has to do with a near-sighted eporter who in a two-hour hunt couldn't find the largest critters on the premises, the whales. Who ever heard of such a thing! Shall we tell her the story? We lack the We shall have to find these whales.

That is all there's to it. Well, here we go again. Once more we are inspecting the fish. Here is the chaetodip terus fabor, better known as the spade fish. It looks to us as if it gets its name because

it is in the habit of shovelling in its food.

How comfortable those crocodiles look

splashing around in that pool below! are tempted to jump in and have a swim ourself. But that would be against the law. There is a sign reading. "VISITORS ARE FORBIDDEN TO FEED THE ANIMALS. a crocodile ate us we might be arrested. We are all a-tremble. We are approach-

ing the only pool we have not visited. Are the whales there? Here's hoping! Gosh! Only turtles! No, we are mis-taken—they are .cretmochelys imbricata. But they look like turtles. Better zoologists than we would be fooled, Then there are no whales here? Gone is our fondest dream! Disappointed and disillusioned, we are perhaps the unhappiest man in the world. We don't believe anyman in the world. We don't believe any-thing any more. We don't believe there are any whales. We don't believe there's a Santa Claus. We don't believe——

out a Latin name! A humble frog—and all by himself. Don't you feel lonesome here, by himself. oggie? "I prefer this to the Latin Quar-

Gosh, this is interesting! An exhibit with-